

SHARP'S DAYS NUMBERED.

HIS DEATH EXPECTED BY HIS PHYSICIANS ANY TIME.

The confinement in jail has told greatly on the old man's system and reduced his strength—his faithful wife ever by his side—few friends permitted to see him—He Blames the Press for it All.

"I shall not be surprised to hear of the death of Jacob Sharp at any moment, and it is a question of a short time only when he must pass away," said Dr. H. P. Loomis to a World reporter to-day.

Dr. Alfred Loomis, father of the speaker, is Sharp's consulting physician, and his son has been attending to the patient from day to day.

Dr. H. P. Loomis also informed the reporter that Sharp had shown signs of improvement immediately after his release from Ludlow Street Jail, but afterwards became weaker, and is now only able to move a little about his apartments in West Twenty-third street.

The confinement in jail during the hot weather last summer told greatly on the old man's system, the doctor said, and rapidly reduced his strength.

Sharp is now seventy-two years old, but his wonderful vitality has kept him from death's door, notwithstanding the strain upon his mind, arising out of the boodle trials, and the injury to his whole system by the imprisonment in jail.

Only a few persons—intimate friends of Sharp—are permitted to see him.

His devoted wife stands as closely by him as ever and does all in her power to relieve her husband of anything that will tend to disturb his mind.

A friend of Sharp said that the old man is bitter in his denunciation of the press, and that he attributes what he asserts to be persecution more to the newspapers than to any other cause.

In fact, he becomes so incensed if informed that a newspaper man has called at his house that it injures him physically.

Around the headquarters of the Twenty-third Street Jail, where the old man is confined, Sharp cannot long survive. An old conductor on the line said:

"The old man's days are numbered, and they are short, from what I hear from the house. None of the men employed on the road will be at all astonished to hear of his early death."

The same impression regarding Sharp's early demise pervades the entire immediate neighborhood of his residence.

One neighbor remarked: "I don't think another trial will be necessary in Sharp's case. He will be in the next world."

BREWER EPPIG NOT ALARMED.

He Says That He Has No Fear of Any Trouble from Engineer Mueller.

Brewer Eppig, of George street, Williamsburg, in talking to a World reporter about the attacks upon his brewery and the letters threatening his life, which, it was claimed, were sent by a disreputable engineer, William Mueller, shrugged his shoulders this morning and said: "You know more about those things than I do," and then grew uncommunicative.

He admitted that Mueller had been discharged, and that delegations from the union of Stationary Engineers and from the Knights of Labor had endorsed the dismissal after learning the cause. That was all there was to the story.

When Mueller found that he could obtain no assistance from the brotherhood, he grew reckless. Special Policeman Gimmler, who was employed by Eppig as watchman about the premises, saw Mueller constantly about the grounds with a little package under his arm.

Muller would parade all day up and down the park facing the office windows, and at dusk would disappear.

One night Gimmler saw him poking about the yard and asked him what he wanted. He replied that he used to work there, that he had been unjustly discharged, and that he was waiting to get satisfaction out of the party brewer.

This is the story that Mr. Eppig tells, which he says was given him by his watchman.

He paid no attention to it, however, and made no complaint to the police. About his dog, which died a few days ago, he says that he doubts whether it was poisoned and is inclined to think that it was not.

When talking about the blood-curdling letters containing references and insinuations about "eating Mr. Eppig's heart deviled and griddled," Mueller was alleged to have sent to the brewer, Mr. Eppig said that it was not so. Not a single letter has been received by him or any of his employees.

He looks on the matter as a joke. He says that he has not the least fear that Mueller will cause trouble, and he is so firmly convinced of the fact that he has not even suggested extra police protection to him and about the brewery. Nothing is known of the case at Headquarters or at the Sixth Precinct station-house.

QUARRELLING OVER AN OPERA.

An Attachment Issued Against the Owner of the "Trumpeter of Sackingen."

Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer, as counsel for Leo Goldmark, has secured from Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, an attachment against the property of Heinrich A. Ruppel, owner of the opera "Trumpeter of Sackingen." In the suit the question of ownership of the American rights of the opera is involved.

Mr. Goldmark says that Ruppel, who does business in Leipzig, Germany, under the name of J. Schubert & Co., is the owner of the piece. He claims that on Nov. 9, 1886, Ruppel sold to him the exclusive right to produce the opera in the United States. The owner was to receive 3 per cent. of the gross receipts.

On June 30, 1887, says Mr. Goldmark, the defendant committed a breach of that contract by entering into negotiations with Edmund C. Stanton, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, to produce the opera. In the contract he was to get five per cent. of the gross receipts. Stanton has produced the opera at the Metropolitan, and the gross receipts were \$11,000. Mr. Goldmark claims to have been damaged to the extent of \$231.79 for which sum he claims.

DEAR MUTES AT A JUBILEE.

Several deaf mutes of this city are in Boston to-day attending the jubilee of deaf mutes which will be held to-day and to-morrow. Among them is J. A. French, a Frenchman, who has been painted two portraits of Dr. Galland, and the Abbe de l'Epee to be hung in Faneuil Hall, where the celebration takes place.

Judge Rapallo Quite Comfortable.

Judge Rapallo was not quite so well yesterday, but he had a good rest last night. A call at the house this morning showed that he was quite comfortable.

NO BAIL FOR MRS. LA TOUCHE.

Her Husband Unable to Get Her Out of Prison this Morning.

Marion La Touche, the daring financier of many aliases, had to stay in a cold cell at Jefferson Market Prison all through last night and this morning. Big mustache Royal La Touche, who enacts the part of Rawdon Crawley to his wife's rôle of Becky Sharp, hurried all over town in a desperate effort to get bail, but without success.

Mrs. La Touche took the situation philosophically, however, and kept up her dignity and good spirits. She had expensive meals brought in from a well-known caterer's establishment and did full justice to them.

In order to make a creditable appearance in court at her examination in the afternoon, she caused her maid to bring her a dress of more silk trimmed with fine lace and an elaborate feathered bonnet.

The owners of the office building, 65 Pine street, where Mr. La Touche did an ostensible business as an advertising agent, also notified him to quit, so his own troubles increased his attention to the matter.

Mrs. S. B. McIntyre, the landlady of 165 West Twenty-third street, where Mrs. La Touche had her elegantly appointed office, notified her that she would not remove their effects forthwith.

After the dreadful disclosures that the police had made to the character of her tenants, Mrs. McIntyre said that she could not think of keeping either Mr. or Mrs. La Touche under her roof.

The Inspector Byrnes feels that his prisoner is likely to escape the greater part of her deserved punishment through the unwillingness of the greater number of her victims to come forward and prosecute.

Many of these fashionable ladies, the Inspector says, were operating without the knowledge of their husbands, and others fear that it would injure them socially if they made their speculations known in a police court.

Mrs. H. M. Stack and Mrs. Grenier, who wanted the Inspector to look the matter over, have decided to pocket their losses quietly. They will not appear against Mrs. La Touche.

Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady, who has been listed by the State as a creditor, says that he will prove that, despite his client's past record, her dealings with Mrs. Clara A. Johnson, the complainant in this case, were fair and above board.

He produces the following letter to Alfred Carr & Co., brokers, in Mrs. Johnson's handwriting:

40 LEXINGTON AVENUE, Oct. 11, 1887.
DEAR SIR: I send you with this note \$100. Please place the same to my credit for the purpose of trading in stocks. I shall give my orders in stocks from Mrs. La Touche's account. I am, Sir, very truly,
CLARA ALMA JOHNSON.

Ex-Senator Grady claims that this letter shows that Mrs. Johnson was not duped at all, but speculated and lost in the usual way.

NINA VAN ZANDT NOT AN HEIRESS.

She Could Have Been, But Did Not Like the Way the Money Was Obtained.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—The following letter is published in the *Labor Enquirer* this afternoon under date of 6th inst.:

To the Editor: I do not regret the hiring of the crazy Jackal. I send you with this note \$100. Please place the same to my credit for the purpose of trading in stocks. I shall give my orders in stocks from Mrs. La Touche's account. I am, Sir, very truly,
CLARA ALMA JOHNSON.

Ex-Senator Grady claims that this letter shows that Mrs. Johnson was not duped at all, but speculated and lost in the usual way.

Nina Van Zandt, the red-haired Anarchist of Seventh street, had presented herself at the District Attorney's office, accompanied by a tall, rather pretty young woman, who was a capitalist's seal and a perfect love of a bonnet.

Mrs. Hoffman wanted to be Mrs. La Touche's surety. She justified in \$25,000, making affidavit to the ownership of that amount of property.

Judge Cowing was the judge who signed the papers releasing Most, and then the 7th and 9th ward judges of the court-room with an air of triumph.

He received an ovation at the Chambers street exit from two hundred boys and half as many men and women. He immediately became the head of a procession, which augmented in size as it went.

Most was flanked on either side by a hiring of the most enthusiastic press, and he was escorted to his home by a voice of a hundred bellows.

He said he would go straight to the office of his paper, *Frederick*, and write some editorials and his eyes flashed and glittered like those of a captured coon.

The 110 pound "destroyer" of the social fabric was evidently much tickled at the notice he had received. The reporter took it mechanically, and his friend said "Let Mr. Waters have the other end between his teeth."

Mr. Waters was done and it was found to form a perfect telephone. A long conversation about Mr. Waters' affliction ensued, in which he stated that he had suffered with cerebral spinal meningitis for several weeks, lying at the point of death for many days. He ultimately attended all the doctors for falsifying their predictions and getting well.

By accident he discovered that by pressing the fingers and thumb of one hand on the back of the neck of a person speaking, he could hear without much difficulty.

But the World reporter saw the same sort of notice paid to Mr. Crowley and his fiancée, Miss Florence McCarthy, at the Central Park Armory the other day, when the estimated visitors from Chimpanzee land gave a reception and house-warming in their new residence.

Most stubbed along with a bundle of saunas under one arm and a bundle of papers under the other. The World being conspicuously on the outside of his bundle. A crowd of fully one thousand people saw the little man disappear up the rickety stairway to his office and then separated.

FOR HE IS NOT AN ENGLISHMAN.

Don Manuel Dickinson Feels Outraged at a Newspaper Sketch of Himself.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
DETROIT, Dec. 9.—When Don Manuel Dickinson, whose fate as a nominee for the Postmaster-Generalship, is hanging in the United States Senate, saw the sketch and portrait of himself which recently appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, his handsome side whiskers stood out like the "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

To a reporter he said: "Look at that caricature! I am willing to forgive them for that, but when they state that my father was born in Nottingham, England, I consider myself personally outraged. My father's ancestors back to 1632 were all born in this country. My father's father was with Washington in the Revolutionary war, and my great-grandfather was with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. My father is now dead, and if there is anything that would make him turn in his grave it would be this statement that he was an Englishman."

An Honest Carolinian.
[From the *Greensboro (Ga.) Eagle*.]
We have received a postal card from a gentleman of Greensboro, S. C., stating that some man of the city, when trying to get on the cars at Atlanta, during the exposition, handed him his umbrella to hold while he scrambled up the steps. In the jam they were forced apart and he could not see the man who had handed it to him. If the owner sees this and will drop a line to Mr. A. Coleman, Greenville, S. C., describing the umbrella, it will be forwarded to him. This is certainly a remarkable case, as it is very unusual for an umbrella to be returned under any circumstances. We are proud to chronicle that we have found one man, at least, who is scrupulously honest.

Stevenson to Referee the Dempsey-Keagan Fight.
Jack Dempsey and Johnny Keagan and their backers met this afternoon in the Police Gazette office, and agreed upon Frank Stevenson as referee in their fight for the middle-weight championship of the world. The contest will take place in a few days.

MOST OUT ON BAIL AGAIN.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CONSENTS TO A \$5,000 BOND ON APPEAL.

Judge Lawrence Disposed to Keep Him in Jail—The Habeas Corpus Proceedings Withdrawn—The Anarchist Pleased by the Going on in Court—Followed to His Office by a Crowd of Men and Boys.

Don Manuel Dickinson, a writer from Judge Donohue yesterday, a writ of habeas corpus for Herr Johann Most to be returned before Judge Lawrence to-day in Supreme Court, Chambers. The purpose of the writ was to fix bail for Most pending the appeal of his case to the General Term.

At 10:30 o'clock to-day, Officer Downey, of the Tombs, took Most to the big Court House. Most was handcuffed to Charles Lenartski, a Pole, who is unfortunately claimed by two women as husband, and is now the subject of criminal proceedings for bigamy.

Most didn't mind his companion, but Lenartski did mind being coupled to the little fire-eater, and said so with indignant tones and scathing words.

"With the 'brackets' were removed in court the Pole drew himself together and, taking himself as far away from the little bomb-presenter as he could, haughtily refused to talk with reporters.

Most whistled away the time before his case was called by making a speech on American injustice. Finally Mr. Howe got the eye of the Judge who looks like Henry Waterson, and moved for the admission of Most to bail in \$2,000, reading Judge Cowing's certificate, which stated that there are very reasonable doubts of the propriety of the conviction of Most on the evidence.

Mr. Howe stated that Most's bail was \$1,500 before trial and that the District Attorney thought \$2,000 enough now, in view of Judge Cowing's certificate.

Assistant District Attorney Purdy assented and added: "It wouldn't be a very great calamity to the country if Most should clear out and forfeit his bail."

Judge Lawrence was not pleased. He said so, and added emphatically, viciously chucking a legal paper, which he had just signed, at Most.

"I don't consent. It is not, because a convicted criminal has been given a stay, a matter of right that he should 'of course' be admitted to bail. I must look at the picture in No. 1,660 in the Rogues' Gallery. In 1878 he committed his first crime of picking pockets at Martha's Vineyard, and was put away for two years."

In 1881 he tried an unsuccessful blackmail game on Walter Mallory.

In 1882 he was given a year in Boston for shoplifting, and immediately upon his release did some more of the same kind of business in Lynn, Mass.

He was sentenced for a year in the prison at Ipswich, and two months thereafter sawed off his eye, and was nabbed and was returned to Ipswich. But again he escaped, this time with the aid of a false key he had made.

Inspector Byrnes sent out a description of him and he was recaptured and again returned to Ipswich to serve out the unfinished term of a year.

In a letter to the District Attorney, dated New Britain, Conn., breaking into store and stealing a lot of clothing, which he shipped to Hartford, he was arrested and sentenced to three months in the State Prison.

He has been a criminal nine years and is only thirty years old.

MADE EARS OF HIS TEETH.

A Novel Telephone Conversation with a Man Entirely Deaf.

A World reporter was a party to a telephone conversation at the Grand Central Depot this morning which was novel in the extreme. While he waited for a train a friend, accompanied by a gentleman, approached. The friend introduced his companion as a deaf man, and said: "Mr. Waters is as deaf as an adder."

Mr. Waters had smiled mechanically, and was making a search through his pockets with his hands.

He had reported for his telephone," explained the sotto-voice.

Mr. Waters finally drew forth a bit of wood about as big as his two fingers and proffered it to the reporter. The reporter took it mechanically, and his friend said "Let Mr. Waters have the other end between his teeth."

This was done and it was found to form a perfect telephone. A long conversation about Mr. Waters' affliction ensued, in which he stated that he had suffered with cerebral spinal meningitis for several weeks, lying at the point of death for many days. He ultimately attended all the doctors for falsifying their predictions and getting well.

By accident he discovered that by pressing the fingers and thumb of one hand on the back of the neck of a person speaking, he could hear without much difficulty.

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Most stubbed along with a bundle of saunas under one arm and a bundle of papers under the other. The World being conspicuously on the outside of his bundle. A crowd of fully one thousand people saw the little man disappear up the rickety stairway to his office and then separated.

THIS BOY IS WISER NOW.

[From the *Greensboro (Ga.) Eagle*.]
Yesterday, about noon, a fellow of about 15 years of age, named John, who resides on the eastern side of the city, was taken to the hospital, where he was particularly inspected the ammonia pipe, which was in a frozen condition with particles of sticky ice on the outside, resembling snow. One little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, the son of Dr. Simmons, who resides on the eastern side of the city, was taken to the hospital, where he was particularly inspected the ammonia pipe, which was in a frozen condition with particles of sticky ice on the outside, resembling snow.

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SLICK MR. HARRIS CAUGHT.

A Thief With a Faculty for Getting Out of Yankee Jails.

Inspector Byrnes has got William Harris, alias Pratt, alias Hurley, in the toils and will send him to Hartford, where he is wanted for robbery.

Harris is one of the smartest pickpockets and shoplifters in the country, and boasts that prison bars have not yet been made strong enough to resist his efforts at escape.

Once a respectable druggist in Boston, he preferred a life of crime and sold out his store and began picking pockets, at which he was very successful.

His most conspicuous crime was a bold attempt to blackmail Walter Mallory, of New Haven, in connection with the murder of pretty Jennie Cramer at Savin Rock. Harris charged to him in his possession a number of incriminating letters written by Mallory to Blanche Douglas, and demanded \$10,000 as the price of silence.

He was arrested, spent several months in the Tombs and was discharged, Mallory declining to prosecute.

On Wednesday last Harris was taken from the jail in Hartford to the Superior Court of that city to answer to an indictment for petit larceny.

The officer advanced to the bench to announce that all the prisoners were safe in the jail, and that he had no further business with the court.

A squad of officers gave pursuit, but Harris dodged his pursuers and escaped. That night he arrived in this city.

A telegram was sent to Inspector Byrnes, who was in Hartford, found a picture of Harris and his record, and instructed Sergeant Detectives Crowley and McGuire to bring him in.

The officers visited the old haunts of the thief, found him in a famous resort for crooks in Rivington street, near the Bowery, and at 2 o'clock this morning he was safe in a subterranean cell at Police Headquarters.

He was cool, and when Inspector Byrnes told him he would be returned to Hartford he smiled and said:

"That's all right, Inspector. It is your duty to send me back and it is for the officers duty to keep me."

"I shall send you away in handcuffs," said the Inspector.

"That's all right, too," answered Harris. "I've got away from them before, and I'll do it again, and don't you forget it."

Harris has had an eventful career and proudly shows a record of 1000 crimes. His picture is No. 1,660 in the Rogues' Gallery. In 1878 he committed his first crime of picking pockets at Martha's Vineyard, and was put away for two years.

In 1881 he tried an unsuccessful blackmail game on Walter Mallory.

In 1882 he was given a year in Boston for shoplifting, and immediately upon his release did some more of the same kind of business in Lynn, Mass.

He was sentenced for a year in the prison at Ipswich, and two months thereafter sawed off his eye, and was nabbed and was returned to Ipswich. But again he escaped, this time with the aid of a false key he had made.

Inspector Byrnes sent out a description of him and he was recaptured and again returned to Ipswich to serve out the unfinished term of a year.

In a letter to the District Attorney, dated New Britain, Conn., breaking into store and stealing a lot of clothing, which he shipped to Hartford, he was arrested and sentenced to three months in the State Prison.

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SAVED BY A GIRL.

Attempt to Blow Up George's Island in Halifax Harbor.

A Fuse Prepared for a Big Tank With Tons of Gun-Cotton.

Soldiers on Guard Were Asleep, but a Child Gave the Alarm.

The Island is Said to Be the Most Strongly Fortified Spot in the World, and is Stored With Immense Supplies of Ammunition—If the Plot Had Been Successful the Loss of Life and Property Would Have Been Appalling—The Plotters of Destruction Escape and There is No Clue to Them.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 9.—Intense excitement prevails among the Imperial military officers over what appears to be a deliberate attempt last night to blow up the gun-cotton tank at George's Island.

Double guards are patrolling the fortifications, and orders have been given to watch all wharves for men attempting to land and to search all vessels in the harbor. It has been mowing all night so that during the hours of darkness it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead.

In the centre of Halifax Harbor stands George's Island. It is the most strongly fortified spot in the world; it not only commands the city, but sweeps the entrance to the harbor and northwest arm; it is not only the jaws of death, but also the mouth of hell to any engine of war attempting to enter Halifax.

It is armed with 80 and 100 ton guns, and upon it